

A. T. & S. F. Time Card.

Under the new schedule in effect December 13, first train leaves Santa Fe at 5:35 p. m., connecting at Lamy with train No. 1 at 4:55 p. m. No. 1 carries local passengers between Lamy and Albuquerque, and west of Albuquerque to California, this train also connects at Lamy with train No. 17, and carries passengers for Albuquerque and points south. Connection is also made on this run with the Chicago Limited eastbound on Wednesdays and Saturdays. This train arrives at Santa Fe at 7 p. m.

Eastbound first train will leave Santa Fe at 9:40 p. m., returning arrive at Santa Fe at 11:45 p. m.; this train carries local passengers between El Paso and La Junta and has through sleepers to Kansas City; second train leaves Santa Fe at 12:15 a. m., this is a through train from California, and has through chair car and Pullman for Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo; No. 3 westbound California Limited leaves Santa Fe on Mondays and Friday at 8:50 a. m.; returning arrive at Santa Fe at 10:40; the Chicago and California Limited trains will only run twice a week each way until further notice.

The Stranded Company.

They had a patent rain machine, and thunder they could make; A snow-box also they possessed that really took the cake; At their behest the breaking waves the hearers' ears bedimed; But still the element defied—they couldn't raise the wind.

The Birth of the "Greater" New York.

With the dawn of the new year the "Greater" New York is ushered into the world a full grown giant. The problem of municipal government is to be put to the supreme test. Within its limits is contained a population equal to that of 13 of our sovereign states at our last census, and as numerous as that of the original 13 states. Provisions for the life and health of this vast multitude of all nations and climes is an unsolved enigma. Thousands of sufferers in New York and elsewhere are wrested from the grasp of that agonizing complaint, rheumatism, by the timely use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is a preventive of malaria and kidney complaint, and curative of liver complaint, constipation and nervousness.

A Chance to Pose.

"How did Bilkins come to formulate a plan for currency reform?" "Oh, you see Bilkins is one of those men who have all the qualifications for public life except votes."

TREATMENT FOR WEAK MEN.

TRIAL WITHOUT EXPENSE.

The famous Appliance and Remedies of the Erie Medical Co. now for the first time offered on trial to the public. No charge, honest man. Not a dollar to be paid in advance. Cure Effects of Early or Excessive Use of Old or Young. Manhood Fully Restored. How to Enlarge and Strengthen Weak Undeveloped Portions of Body. Absolutely Unfailing Home Treatment. No C. O. D. or other scheme. A plain offer by a firm of high standing.

ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

RIO GRANDE & SANTA FE

AND

DENVER & RIO GRANDE R. R.

The Scenic Route of the World.

Time Table No. 40.

DATE SUNDAY	WEST BOUND	MILES	NO. 425.
10:25 a. m.	Lv. Santa Fe, Ar. Denver	5:15 p. m.	
12:30 p. m.	Lv. Española, Ar. Santa Fe	5:25 p. m.	
1:30 p. m.	Lv. Barrenas, Ar. Santa Fe	5:35 p. m.	
2:30 p. m.	Lv. Alamosa, Ar. Santa Fe	5:45 p. m.	
3:30 p. m.	Lv. Durango, Ar. Santa Fe	5:55 p. m.	
4:30 p. m.	Lv. Alamosa, Ar. Santa Fe	6:05 p. m.	
5:30 p. m.	Lv. Durango, Ar. Santa Fe	6:15 p. m.	
6:30 p. m.	Lv. Alamosa, Ar. Santa Fe	6:25 p. m.	
7:30 p. m.	Lv. Durango, Ar. Santa Fe	6:35 p. m.	
8:30 p. m.	Lv. Alamosa, Ar. Santa Fe	6:45 p. m.	
9:30 p. m.	Lv. Durango, Ar. Santa Fe	6:55 p. m.	
10:30 p. m.	Lv. Alamosa, Ar. Santa Fe	7:05 p. m.	
11:30 p. m.	Lv. Durango, Ar. Santa Fe	7:15 p. m.	
12:30 a. m.	Ar. Denver, Lv. Santa Fe	10:50 p. m.	

Connections with the main line and branches as follows:

At Antonio, Durango, Silverton and all points in the San Juan country. At Alamosa for Jimtown, Creede, Del Norte, Monte Vista and all points in the San Luis valley.

At Salida with main line for all points east and west, including Leadville.

At Florence with F. & C. R. R. for the gold camps of Sprague Creek and Victor.

At Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Denver with all Missouri river lines for all points east.

Through passengers from Santa Fe will have reserved berths in sleeper from Alamosa if desired.

For further information address the undersigned.

T. J. HELM, General Agent, Santa Fe, N. M.

S. K. HOOPER, A. P. A., Denver, Colo.

TO REACH THE

Red

River

Country

TAKING THE

HANKINS' STAGE

FROM SPRINGER.

Stages leave Springer every morning except Sunday, and arrive in Hialeah at the same evening. Every attention given to the comfort of passengers. For rates address

H. H. HANKINS,

Cimarron, N. M.

Notice of Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing under the firm name of Dwyer & Davis has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. Frank S. Davis retiring. The business will be continued by Charles W. Dwyer, who will pay all outstanding claims against the old firm, and will collect all moneys due. CHARLES W. DWYER.

Santa Fe, N. M., December 28, 1897.

THE FLIGHT OF THE YEARS.

When one by one the silent stately years glide like pale ghosts beyond our yearning sight. Vainly we stretch our arms to stay their flight. So soon, so swift, they pass to endless night. We hardly learn to name them. To prize them or to flume them. To know their shadowy faces. Ere we see their empty places! Only once the glad spring greets them. Only once the summer meets them. Only once the autumn glory. Tells for them its mystic story. Only once the wintry hoary. Wears for them its robes of light! Years leave their work half done; like men, alas! And are forgotten. What they strive to do. Lives for awhile in memory of a few. Then over all oblivion's waters flow. The years are buried in the long ago!

—Julia C. R. Dorr.

JERRY'S CHOICE.

"Now, see here, Jerry," exclaimed Farmer Johnson to his man of all work, "ye needn't get oney jest because old Podgers has offered ye a dollar a month more'n I'm payin' ye. I reckon I've got about as much money an kin afford to pay ye about as much as Podgers kin or mebbe a little more."

"Ye?" said a just class worker, Jerry, I'll admit that, an I don't want ye to be gettin' dissatisfied or thinkin' of diggin out, so I'll make a bargain with ye right now before we go any further. If ye stick to me an work ez well ez ye've bin workin' right along fer the next two years, I'll pay ye the same as Podgers offered ye, an at the end of the two years I'll give ye the best critter on the place. Yes, sires, Jerry, ye kin take yer pick of any critter on the hull place, from a sheep up to a horse, or even a giraffe or elephant, if I happen to have one of 'em on hand when it comes time to take yer choice."

"What d'ye say to that, Jerry? Is it a bargain?"

"I'll do it," answered Jerry Brant quickly, "and there's my hand to bind the bargain."

"That's the way to talk; that's jest what I wanted to hear," exclaimed Farmer Johnson, grasping Jerry's extended palm and giving it a hearty shake. "Now that bizness is settled satisfactory to all hands, an we kin get into the work with clear consciences."

No further mention was made of the bargain between Jerry and his employer until they were seated at the dinner table later in the day, and then Mr. Johnson, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, glanced across the table at his better fraction and said:

"Well, mother, I had to discharge Jerry an hire him over ag'in today."

"You seem to be in very good humor about it, so I judge the difference couldn't have been very serious," commented Mr. Johnson, who used to be a Yankee school-ma'am before he married, and therefore did not handle the United States dialect with the offhand familiarity of her husband.

"Serious? Ye kin bet it is!" ejaculated Mr. Johnson. "Why, I've got to pay him \$1 a month more'n I did before, an at the end of two years, if he stays right along, he's to have his pick out of the critters on the place to take along with him an keep for his own. I expect he'll take a horse, but I can't help it. I wasn't goin' to let old Podgers hire him away from me an then go around chuckin over it behind my back for the next six months."

"Mr. Podgers made an attempt to hire him, did he?"

"Yes, an a purty nerry attempt at that. Offered him \$1 more a month, but he settled the matter in a hurry by plin the best critter on the place on top of that. But if he stays the hull two years I reckon he'll earn it, eh, Jerry?"

Jerry blushed, and answered that he would do his best.

"Didn't you exempt my pony, paps? I really can't think of allowing Mr. Brant to run off with that, even if he does earn it!" exclaimed Farmer Johnson's pretty 18-year-old daughter May, with a side-long glance of admiration at Jerry's broad shoulders and manly features.

"Oh, Jerry wouldn't be mean enough to take the pony, I guess," interposed her father.

"No," said Jerry, "I don't want the pony—unless the rider goes with it," he added, sotto voce.

"Eh, what's that?" demanded Mr. Johnson. "Unless what? I didn't catch the tail end of that remark exactly."

"Jerry's face turned crimson, and he was about to repeat his remark when the quick-witted young lady came to the rescue.

"Mr. Brant"—she always called him by that title, because she considered it more becoming and dignified than Jerry—"Mr. Brant says he doesn't want the pony unless the bridge goes with it, I believe," she explained innocently.

"Huh! I reckon a halter is all he'll get with her if he takes that pony. There wasn't anything in the writtin's about throwin in a bridge," said Farmer Johnson.

"You needn't worry, father. I think Mr. Brant will be generous enough to spare me my pony," said May reassuringly. "Yes, you may keep your pony," agreed Jerry, with an undisguised glance of admiration at the pretty face opposite him.

May's eyes fell before his, but not until they had flashed back a look that caused his heart to beat high with hope.

The fact of the matter was that staid, good-looking Jerry had long admired his employer's handsome and accomplished daughter, but today was the first time he had dared to let her know it either by look or speech. After that, however, their acquaintance rapidly ripened, and a few weeks later Jerry surprised Mr. Johnson by asking for the hand of his daughter in marriage.

Mr. Johnson was engaged in the pastoral occupation of milking a cow at the moment this question was sprung upon him, and he nearly fell off the stool in astonishment.

"Want to marry my darter, May?" he gasped. "I guess not, young man! Not if the court knows it. I've bin edyer-catin her fer suthin' higher than marryin her father's hired man."

"Oh, if that is the only objection, it can easily be removed," interposed Jerry. "I don't expect to remain anybody's hired man after my two years are up. I believe I told you when I came here that I had just graduated from college and intended to make the pursuit of agriculture my life business. I'm goin' to go into the law or any other of the already overcrowded professions. I believe a man with brains can put them to as good use and make as much money in farming as in anything else, and I propose to prove it. I am studying the practical side of the business now, and at the end of my two years I propose to go west and buy a ranch and

strike out for myself. As far as my education is concerned, I don't think I shall ever give your daughter occasion to be ashamed of me, and as to supporting her comfortably and in becoming style, I believe I shall be abundantly able to do so, and—"

"Can't help that, Jerry!" broke in Mr. Johnson. "I ain't goin' to have ye loagin May off jest because ye two young folks imagine ye're in love. A woman is a mighty queer an onartin sort of critter anyhow, as ye'll find out soon enough when ye get hooked up in double harness fer life with one of 'em, an if I was in yer place I wouldn't be in any hurry 'bout takin a yoke of that kind on my shoulders."

"Anyhow if ye insist on gittin married in spite of my warnin' ye'll hatter pick out some other partner besides the one ye've got yer eyes set on at present. My darter is a first-class college bred west to finish up her education, an when she gets through her schoolin it will be plenty time enough for her to commence thinkin 'bout the men. She'll forget ye by that time fast enough, so ye might as well give up all hope right now of ever gittin her."

I like ye two enough to say, Jerry, but I don't care for ye in the role of son-in-law. There, now, ye've got yer answer fair an square, an if ye want to stay an work out the balance of yer time we'll drop the love bizness right here an I'll treat ye as well as ever. But if ye don't care to stay under the same roof as I, all right, an I shan't blame ye any fer goin. Now, which is it to be, Jerry, stay or quit?"

"I'll stay," said Jerry quietly. And stay he did, performing his duties as conscientiously and thoroughly as ever, although the farm life suddenly grew so dull and dull when May went back to her college studies.

The months rolled swiftly around, however, as months have a habit of doing, until 18 of them had been crossed off the calendar of time. Then May, as bright and winsome as of old, came home with her dimples and diploma, and, though he did not even dare to look his admiration, Jerry was straightway transported to paradise.

Jerry's term of service finally expired, and he regretfully announced that the time had come for him to strike out in life for himself.

"That's so, Jerry," said Farmer Johnson. "I had clean forgot 'bout two years being up today. Well, I'll look over accounts with ye this mornin' after dinner, an in the meantime ye kin look over an sorter makin up yer mind which one of the critters on the place ye want. I believe ye was to take yer choice when ye quit."

"Well," said Jerry promptly, "it won't take me long to make up my mind. I have here stepped quickly across the room to where May was gazing disconsolately from the window and whispered a question in her ear. For an instant her eyes met his. Then she rose with a smile, placed her hand confidently in his and together they faced the father.

"This is my first and only choice," exclaimed Jerry, with a ring of mingled pride and triumph in his tones.

"But ye can't do that—'tain't in the agreement. I said critter, not wimmen folks, an I ain't goin' to allow no such!"

"Just a moment, if you please, Mr. Johnson," interrupted Jerry Brant, drawing himself erect, with proudly flashing eyes and still retaining May's hand.

"Haven't I heard you allude to the wimmen as queer critters, condescending critters, phony critters, and I don't know how many other kind's critters during the past two years and upward that I have been with you?"

"Yes, I s'pose ye have," acknowledged Mr. Johnson, "but—"

"All right, sir," interposed Jerry briskly. "You may consider me the best critter on the place, and this is the one I want, and the only one."

Farmer Johnson gazed at the handsome and smiling young couple before him in a half indignant, half indignant sort of way for a moment, and then the latter feeling got the better of the struggle and he quietly remarked:

"Well, a bargain is a bargain, an I s'pose I'll hatter keep my word. But I say, young man, 'an Mr. Johnson's eyes twinkled mischievously, 'don't ye think ye sorter missed yer vocation, not bein a lawyer instead of a farmer?'—Will S. Gridley in Chicago Record.

Little Edgar's Discovery.

"Ta, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! By George!" howled Henry Duntling as he patted his little son's curly head. "You're a great boy! Let me kiss you! Oh, yes, you know more than some grown folks do now. Ta, ha, ha! Best joke I ever heard, 'pon my life, it is!"

Little Edgar looked up in childish wonderment for a moment, and then he also began to laugh and clap his chubby hands.

Henry Duntling held a magazine open at a page upon which was pictured an old woman who wore spectacles and had a double chin. The father looked down at the picture again and emitted another roar of happiness, which brought his wife and her mother to the scene.

"What on earth is that that is causing you to make a fool of yourself?" exclaimed his mother-in-law, while his wife tried to take the child out of his arms, fearing that he had suddenly lost his reason.

Then Little Edgar pointed down at the picture in the magazine and said:

"The two ladies looked first at the picture and then at Henry Duntling, but he said nothing. He had become perfectly sober, and putting the little boy down upon the floor he sidled out of the room, steadily gazing into the eyes of his mother-in-law as a lion gazes into the eyes of the king of beasts while backing out of the cage.

Mrs. Duntling's mother was only 49 and was in many respects still a young woman.—Cleveland Leader.

The World's Taste in Diamonds.

Of course there is taste in diamonds. Countries like England, France, the United States and Russia take all varieties, but those are mainly the fields for the best, the finest bluish white crystals. Precious stones are a measure of opulence and the growth of fashion. The Americans imported \$190,000,000 worth in 24 years, but of these \$90,000,000 were in the latter half of the period. In the year 1889 they bought ten times as many as in 1869. The gems range in color from bluish and nearly pure white to blue, pink, yellow, orange, green and brown, while some are opaque. There has decided that the stones are most precious and most valued when brilliant. The largest diamond ever met with was found in Brazil, and an estimated value of, by weight alone, at \$234,000,000. But it was black and not brilliant. The estimates gradually sank to \$400,000, and today it would probably not fetch nearly so much as the most modest count. Colored specimens do best in South America and the east.—Kimberley Letter to London Telegraph.

Insultation.

"Last night I dreamed I was dead."

"That was a hot one, wasn't it?"

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS

For People That Are Sick or Feel Well.

Improved Pills for Sick or Feel Well.



In the heart of every man and in the soul of every woman there is a vacuum that can only be filled by a child. In America there are too many childless homes. All the love and passion of courtship and all the happiness of the honeymoon turn to bitter dust upon the lips of the wedded couple to whose home there never comes the pater of childhood feet.

One cause, more than any other, contributes to making the lives of thousands of childless, and consequently unhappy, homes all over this country. The cause is often the unconscious fault of the wife. A woman who suffers from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism is unfitted for motherhood, and if she has children it will probably be at the sacrifice of her own life. Mrs. R. D. Moore, of Schuyler, Colfax Co., Neb., (Box 173), "I could get nothing on my stomach, and kept getting worse. My husband got me two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, two of his 'Favorite Prescription' and four of his 'Pleasant Pellets.' (At this time I had been pregnant about two months.) I began taking the medicines, and in less than a week I could eat anything. The 'Favorite Prescription' is the best medicine in the world for prospective mothers. My husband is a doctor, and he has been for twelve years. My little girl is now six months old and is well and healthy. I do not think I should have had my baby if I had not obtained something to build up my system and strengthen my body."

Twenty-one one-cent stamps cover the mailing of a paper-covered copy of Doctor Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

GOOD FOR INSOMNIA.

The Kansas Man Who Took an Odd Dose.

A Topeka man was recently troubled with insomnia. He thought that some young medical student would be glad to take his case for the practice there was in it and a small fee, if any. He sought out a medical student who seemed to have the proper appearance and laid his case before him.

"I think his prescription will be just what you need," said the coming practitioner; "three at a dose."

"Pills?" queried the invalid.

"Yes, but just the kind you need."

"How often shall I take them?"

"When you feel as if you needed them."

The patient took the prescription to a nearby drug store and had it filled. The pills were placed in a small box and wrapped up. The man took them home and absentmindedly tossed them on top of the bureau. He went to bed that night for getting all about his ailments and the pills. He was unable to sleep, and thought that perhaps the pills would bring Morpheus to his rescue. He got up in the dark, groped around for the box, found it, unwrapped it and was surprised to find but three pills. He took them and returned to bed and was asleep in a few minutes.

He met the young student on the street the next day and told him of the wonderful effect that his remedy had produced. The young hopeful was quite elated over his success. The man returned home that night. During the evening's conversation his wife asked him if he had seen anything of a box of collar buttons that she had purchased the day before. "I put them on top of the bureau," she said, "but the box has been empty and they are gone."

Topeka State Journal.

The Clown's Jest.

"The landlord called today. So I gave him the rent and showed him the baby."

"Why didn't you show him the rent and give him the baby?"—Punch.

Getting In Shape.

The landlady began to get worried. By the way things were going there wouldn't be enough left to make hash the next morning. Well, she was glad that Thanks-giving came only once a year. But the plot! Alas, it was all gone but one piece, and the pale-haired young man with the yellow face had done it all.

As for him, the expression on his face was cast-iron.

"Oh, them geniuses!" moaned the landlady.

"Five mince pies," murmured the young man. "Oh, the dreams that I shall have tonight! Tomorrow I ought to be able to write five poems and one elum story."

This, then, was the secret of Stephen Crane's success.—New York Journal.

A Difficult Problem.

"What makes you so thoughtful, Bilton? What's on your mind?"

"I was thinking of the Jersey Lily's career."

"But, man alive, you haven't been in a brown study all the afternoon over that woman, have you?"

"No-o-o, not over the woman herself, but I was trying to calculate how much virtue it would take to attract as much attention as she has had."—Detroit News.

Statecraft.

"Is it a good plan to get this government any further into debt?" inquired the conservative Spanish statesman.

"I should say so," replied his aggressive associate. "The more creditors we have the more people there will be who won't want us to get the worst of a difficulty."

—Washington Star.

When She Throws.

"I wish you would get your wife to throw her influence for me," said the woman who was running for office in the Woman's Club. "I'm sure it would have some effect."

"Yes," was the thoughtful reply. "I know when she's ever thrown anything for me it's been effective."

The California Limited.

Takes you to Los Angeles in only 33 hours over the Santa Fe Route. Best route—best train—best time. Meals at ways good.

OUR GLORIOUS CLIMATE.

Santa Fe Enjoys a Most Equable and Cool Summer Temperature and Moderate Winters.

COMPARISONS FAVOR SANTA FE GREATLY

Only Ten Per Cent of Cloudy Days Per Annum in This Favored Locality—Sunshine Nearly All the Time.

New Mexico lies at the point where the Rocky mountains lose that characteristic individuality which they have preserved as a distinctive feature from within the Arctic circle to Colorado and almost throughout that state. Herefore they have been a range or a broad series of parallel ranges exhibiting lofty peaks and passes at altitudes so great as to lie further skyward than many vaunted alpine summits. But when the chain has reached its final great effort of elevation to Pike's Peak it rapidly loses its massive character and with astonishing rapidity sinks to rolling hills and spreads out on mesas of altitude still great but of even and gentle slope.

Viewed by the aid of its contours of altitude New Mexico appears as a plain raised to the height of 5,000 feet, broken but by two systems of greater elevations and interrupted by lesser ones only on the eastern and southern faces. Nearly three-fourths of the territory is included within the contour of 5,000 feet. All that part of the territory which lies above the 7,000 feet contour is rugged mountains of precipitous slope and deeply scored face. Their climatic purpose is to extract the rain from the atmosphere for the benefit of the lower levels; they do more than this, for the rain carries away the desiccating rock to enrich the plateau and the valley beneath. Arizona faces the prevailing humid wind and opposes to it a flight of steps; New Mexico is almost entirely on the leeward side of the mountain ranges and exposes a minimum of bluff surface to the wind. Hence arise different climatic conditions.

The elevation of the barometer station at Santa Fe is 6,998 above mean tide of the Gulf of Mexico, and the barometer is 31 feet above the base of the monument in the main plaza, so that the altitude of Santa Fe is approximately 6,967 feet above sea level.

A resume of the records for 23 years shows that great extremes in temperature are seldom reached, the lowest recorded temperature being 13 degrees below zero in January, 1888, and the highest 96 in July, 1879, in Santa Fe.

During the present decade the highest absolute temperature has not exceeded 90 degrees, and in a comparison of these temperatures with extremes of the more humid sections of the eastern states and the Mississippi valley the extreme dryness of the air must be considered; that the heat experienced by the human body is some 10 to 15 degrees less than that shown by the metallic thermometer, a temperature of 90 degrees in the shade at Santa Fe being about equal to 78 degrees in St. Louis.

The following table taken from the reports of the climate and crop service of the bureau will give a general idea of the relative intensity of heat as indicated by the metallic thermometer.

During the present decade the highest surface temperature has not exceeded 100 degrees, and in a comparison of the temperatures with extremes of the same sections of the eastern states a Mississippi valley the extreme difference of the air must be considered; the heat experienced by the human body is about 10 to 15 degrees less than shown by the metallic thermometer, the temperature of 90 degrees in the shade at Santa Fe being about equal to 78 degrees at St. Louis.

The following table taken from the reports of the climate and crop service bureau will give a general idea of the relative intensity of heat as indicated